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BOYHOOD DAYS OF PERSHING

Old Acquaintance Reviews Some Family History.

CHILDHOOD DAYS SPENT IN MISSOURI

Father of the General Went Through Some Rough Times In the West and the General Himself Smelled the Smoke of Battle While Still a Youth.

John F. Pershing, father of General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, began his career in Linn county Missouri, as boss of the Meadow section, on the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad, in 1859, the year the road was completed. A great many brawny men from New York, Pennsylvania and other eastern states came to Missouri during what was called the "railroad era," along in the 50's and up to the Civil war. Mr. Pershing came from Pennsylvania. His first work in Missouri was that of a contractor. One of his contracts was on the North Missouri, a road then being constructed from St. Louis to Macon. It was while performing his contract in Montgomery county that he met the girl that became Mrs. Pershing. As soon as the North Missouri was in operation the Pershings moved to Linn county, near Meadville, and Mr. Pershing took charge of the section as boss. He also operated a house for the boarding of the section men and other railroad workers. Later they moved to the Judge Brown house, near by. Both houses were about four and a half miles west of Laclede.

Controversy Over Birthplace.

H. C. Lomax of the Lomax & Standly bank, who came from Illinois to Laclede in 1859, and who is said to be the oldest continuous voter in the town, says General Pershing was born in the Judge Brown house in September, 1860. Many Laclede people, however, stoutly insist the general was born in their town, and they point out the old Ballou house on Main street as the place.

Mr. Lomax, in discussing the matter the other day said:

"I know of this controversy between the two places, and a while back, when Jim, John's younger brother, was here, I asked him where he was born. He said in Laclede. Then I asked him where he was born, and he replied: 'On the Judge Brown plantation, four and one-half miles west of town.'

"According to my recollection," Mr. Lomax went on, "there was no postoffice at Meadville, and the people about that town had to come to Laclede for their mail. That may have been the reason the idea got out that John's parents lived here when he was born. But it is true they moved here soon afterward. I clerked in the store Mr. Pershing conducted on the northwest corner of the square."

Besides being one of the leading merchants of Laclede, John F. Pershing was the postmaster and at one time member of town council. He was what might be called a "prominent citizen," as the term is used in the country.

As the one resident of Laclede most intimately associated with the general's father, Mr. Lomax was asked to describe him.

"Well," he replied, with a whimsical smile, "I should have to do that pretty much like the schoolmates describe the general to those people who came here in the early days to build railroads through Missouri. Some of the best families we have are the descendants of those men.

As Civil War Began.

"In the fall of '61 the Pershings moved to Laclede. Mr. Pershing became sutler for the Eighteenth regiment of Missouri that year, and in 1862 or '63 he held the same job with another regiment. The Union soldiers were paid $13 a month, and they were allowed to issue orders for tobacco, canned goods and such things as they wanted on the sutler to the amount of $4.35 a month. Mr. Pershing went with the regiment to a number of places, and finally it was ordered from Weston to St. Louis. Then he returned to Laclede and opened up a store here. Soon afterward President Lincoln appointed him postmaster. Mr. Pershing employed me as a clerk. I was then 18 or 19."

"Nothing ever happened?"

Mr. Lomax smiled.

"Yes, there was something happened," he said slowly, "but it sounds so much like a wild west romance that perhaps—"

"Tell it, please."

"It was along about the middle of September, 1864—Saturday, I think—apparently as quiet and peaceful a day as it is now. Suddenly somebody on the street shouted:

"'The bushwhackers are coming!'

"The warning was hardly given when some eighteen or twenty men armed with revolvers and shotguns galloped into town. Being Saturday, there were some 200 or 300 people in to do their week-end shopping and it caused considerable excitement among them. No less excited was four-year-old John J. Pershing, the future general, as he "played soldier."

Repelling the Raiders.

"The sinister visitors were Captain Holtzclaw's command. There were a number of large, fine-looking men among them, and they handled their horses like expert cavalrymen.

"Soon after I saw them I stepped into the store and told Mr. Pershing, who was behind the counter waiting on some one. He walked back to where there were some guns. These guns had been loaded, but that very morning, it happened, we had discharged them in the air to avoid the danger of having loaded guns standing around. Finding the guns empty, he started forward. Just then some of the bushwhackers entered the front door. In our store was a large safe which the people of the town used as a general safe deposit. At that time there was between $5,000 and $6,000 cash in the safe. Mr. Pershing locked the safe and put the key in his pocket. Then he went out the back door and around on the street. Two of the gang walked up to me, and presenting their guns at my head demanded the key of the safe. I told them Mr. Pershing had it. They looked at me like they were going to eat me up, and then turned around and began helping themselves to such things as they wanted. In some places around town they got money, probably $1,000 belonging to different parties, but Mr. Pershing's action in locking the safe in our store prevented them from making the big haul.

"But tragic events were happening outside. A soldier named Dave Crowder, fired from a window and severely wounded Lieutenant James Nave, of Holtzclaw's command. A Holtzclaw partisan shot and instantly killed Crowder.

"Squire John H. Jones, a lawyer, started to run, along with some others, and they ordered him to halt. He kept on and they shot him. Jones fell and Pershing ran to him, picked him up and carried him to a store, where he died, or he may have been dead when Pershing went to him.

"The next thing was a surprise to everybody. Captain Holtzclaw ordered all the people to gather around him on the square and hear a little talk he had to make to them.

Rail Re-enforcements.

"He began by expressing his sincere regrets at the killing of the two men, and stated that his purpose in coming to Laclede was to get two fellows who had mistreated some southern people down in Charlton county. Then he went on to warn the people that if he heard of any more bad treatment of southerners he would return to Laclede and burn up the town.

"It seems that the men whom Capt. Holtzclaw was seeking knew there was trouble coming and they hid out. One climbed down into an old cistern and remained there until the gang was gone.

"While the raid was on two citizens of Laclede managed to slip out of town. They rode swiftly to Brookfield—six miles away—and notified the railroad militia. An engine with steam up was in the sidetrack, a car was coupled on and the short train was soon speeding down the line to Laclede as hard as it could go. The bushwhackers evacuated the town betimes, sending the wounded Lieutenant Nave westward in a hack they commandeered. Learning this, the militia train steamed westward and overtook the hack. The soldiers fired into the hack, wounding Nave again and mortally wounding the man driving. Another man in the hack was wounded, but managed to get away. Two days afterward he stopped at a house southwest of Laclede, and it turned out he was treasurer of the gang. The $1,000 taken from the stores was recovered, and at a mass-meeting in town it was decided to divide it equally between the widows of Crowder and Jones, the two men killed at Laclede. It was a little curious that none of the owners of the money ever made any objection at this disposal of it.

"Mr. Pershing sold his store along in the seventies and traveled on the road [illegible] clothing house. He owned several farms in the county, one of which he operated and others he held as an investment. While a quiet, methodical man, his mental energy was wonderful. He was always looking ahead for something important, and several times he came mighty near striking it rich. He became interested in the manufacture of a new sort of stock car and made a good thing of it. This money, however, he lost in some Chicago deals.

"At one time Mr. Pershing was traveling salesman for Kuhn, Nathan & Fisher, clothing merchants of Chicago. He came all through the western country and built up a good trade for his house. I think he earned a salary of from $4,000 to $5,000 a year. When he got a little ahead in the world again Mr. Pershing moved to Omaha and bought some suburban property there.

"One characteristic about the general's father is notable. He was an excellent penman and could write the finest letters I ever read, both as to construction and penmanship. He was a well educated man. As a business man he was courteous, energetic and always optimistic. His business reverses didn't discourage him. He simply smiled, said he guessed all was for the best and kept plugging away.

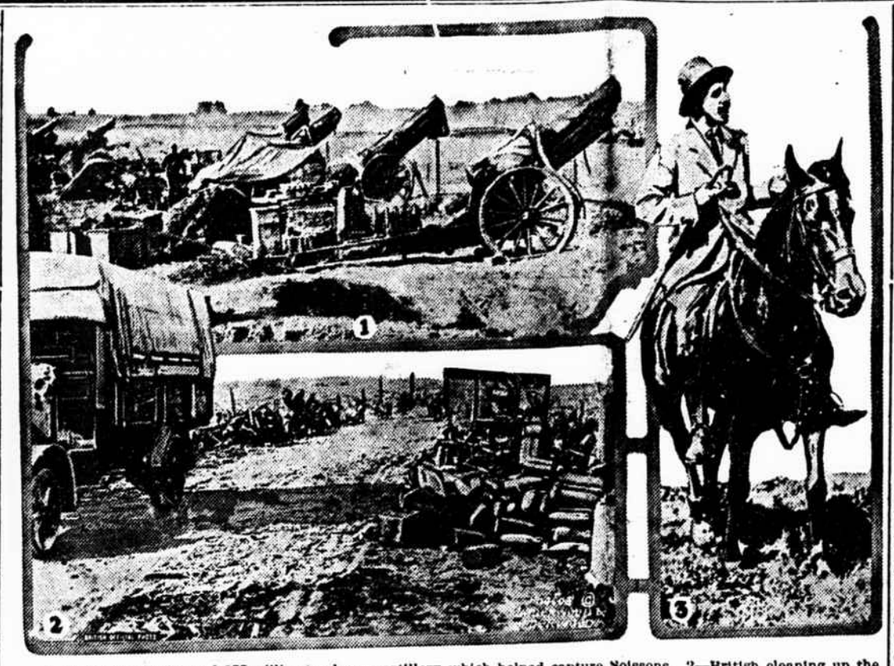
"The Pershing family were all very well liked in Laclede. They were really popular, every member of it. I never heard young John talk about being a soldier or an Indian fighter. My idea was that he and Jim, his younger brother, were looking forward to a business or professional career. But John in his younger days listened a great deal to the talk of Captain Hewitt about the Civil war, and there's no telling what ideas got into the lad's head from that. He always showed a good deal of interest when older people were talking if they could really tell something.

Family Now Scattered.

"In a quiet, effective way John F. Pershing was one of the most influential men in town. He didn't talk much but rather listened to what other people would say. Then he would give his opinion, if called on, in a few words. When he started on anything he would keep at it until he had thoroughly developed it. His ideas were always good and practical, and they worked out as he had planned. In those instances where he met with business reverses, it was not through any fault of his own planning.

"When young John was home from West Point, looking handsome in his officer's uniform, it was decided to have a group picture taken of the family. I have one of these pictures in the bank here"—indicating a big framed picture on the wall—"and I wouldn't take a farm for it. The family is now widely scattered, some of them dead, and this was probably the last time they were all together under the family rooftree at Laclede."

That Turkey has demanded money from Germany, threatening to break relations if it is not forthcoming, was reported at Geneva, Monday. It was said that at a recent diplomatic conference in Berlin, the Turkish Grand Vizier Mezier requested a loan, demanding cancellation of previous Turkish debts to Turkey. The sultan, according to advices, told Mezier, before he went to Berlin: "I am tired of German domination over Turkey. Get prompt satisfaction to our demands or leave Berlin immediately."



1—American battery of 155-millimeter heavy artillery which helped capture Soissons. 2—British cleaning up the Menin road after the retreat of the Germans. 3—Latest photograph of King Alfonso of Spain, taken while on a bear hunt.

FIGHTING WITH BAYONET.

British Revel In Such Work; But Germans Don't Like It.

There is no question of the fact that Heinie does not like the bayonet. It doesn't suit his temperament.

The British, on the other hand, have always led the world with the weapon. They invented the kind of bayonet we are now using, which bears little resemblance to the old-style instrument. It is a one-edged knife with a handle, attached to the rifle muzzle, and in form suggests a likeness to the short sword of the ancient Roman legionary.

At close quarters the bayonet may often be employed to greater advantage as a knife, chiefly for thrusting, as the Roman soldier used his favorite weapon. It is held low and thrust upward at the enemy's vitals—a sort of jab that is hard to ward off.

Use of the bayonet as a knife is an important part of the instruction given our fighting men while in training. But all the rules of bayonet practice now accepted for the American infantry are copied from the British "manual," which is the text book of the final authority on the subject.

It was the British who developed the system of bayonet instruction by the utilization of "dummies," which are usually sacks stuffed as solidly as possible with straw and shavings, and sometimes strengthened by the introduction of wood sticks to counterfeit human bones.

In practice work these dummies are suspended from overhead horizontal poles or attached to stakes driven into the ground. Most commonly they occupy trenches, which infantrymen under training ferociously attack. It is the business of the attackers to stab the dummies swiftly in vital parts, which are sometimes indicated by painted spots or attached disks.

One of the points most difficult to teach the average recruit is that he must not thrust too hard. The vital parts of a human body are easily penetrated; it is successful aim that is important. If the bayonet passes clear through the adversary's body it cannot be easily withdrawn, and in the meantime, while trying to wrench it loose, the soldier is helpless against a second or third enemy.

The bayonet (and the same rule applies to its use as a knife) must never be drawn back for a thrust. It must always be held in advance of the body, counting upon the impetus of the charge and the forward stretching of the arms to plant it in the enemy's carcass. If it sticks fast it may usually be released by firing the gun, which breaks the bones that hold it.

A jab at Heinie's throat is at once the most disconcerting and, if well-aimed the most immediately disabling of thrusts. It will at least force him back, giving a chance for a thrust at some other vital part. If he turns tail a puncture in the kidneys will finish him.

The Hun, it is likely, has a bayonet of his own. It is a deadly kind of dueling. Skillful fencing may win the combat. But no foul is barred. The business is one of killing; and muscle, quickness, presence of mind and steadiness of nerve in the midst of wild excitement are the qualities demanded.

MIGHTY ENGINEERING WORK.

Vaster Achievements In France Than On the Panama Canal.

American army engineers are doing more constructive work in France today, writes a correspondent from Tours, France, than was ever done on the Panama Canal, stupendous as the engineering project was, and more also than was ever done in a day on all the river and harbor work of the United States. This comparison gives some idea of the magnitude of the army construction now going on in Europe, exceeding the most gigantic operations ever undertaken at home.

The Panama constructing force was 40,000 men; here is a good size army in itself. It includes engineer troops and laborers of all kinds for the constructive work and foresters for furnishing the materials of construction, cutting down forests, running sawmills, supplying timber and lumber.

The call for timber is so tremendous that the forestry force will have to be increased before very long. Already it is running seventy sawmills, and 200 more are required to keep up with the construction. With this increase the engineering force engaged on construction will reach more than twice as many as were employed on the Panama Canal, the largest previous constructive work the United States ever undertook.

Traveling across France from the seacoast one sees the magnitude of this American constructive work at every hand, from the ten miles of new docks and piers at the ports, then the American railway, telegraph and telephone lines, vast areas of warehouses, shops and factories and finally the great stretches of military camps and barracks for this army of over a million American troops. But while one sees this work in immense detached parts, it is only at army headquarters that details are available on the magnitude of the work as a whole.

On the one item of timber and lumber for this construction the army foresters are called on to furnish nearly 500,000,000 board feet of timber, of which about, 300,000 feet is sawed lumber. This 500,000,000 feet is no rough guesswork, but is the estimate of requirements carefully worked out by the engineers. The precise total of these estimates is 484,792,000 feet, or over 96,000 miles of lumber.

Aerial Ambulances.—All flying fields in the United States are to be equipped with airplane ambulances to carry injured aviators quickly from the scene of an accident to a field hospital. A standard training-plane is to be used for the ambulance, the rear cockpit being cleared and enlarged sufficiently to permit a combination stretcher seat to be placed in it. The injured person is placed with his head toward the pilot and rests easily. The first airplane ambulance is being operated successfully at Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La. They have been introduced at Texas fields, and all field commanders have been instructed to follow the example.

Iowa was the first state to subscribe its quota to the fourth Liberty loan. South Dakota has also subscribed its full quota of the loan. Both states went over the top during the first three days of the drive.

SUNDAY JOY RIDING.

Saving of Gasoline Sufficient to Load Ten Ships.

The saving effected by the autoless Sundays has enabled the government to send to France ten shiploads of gasoline, of 50,000 barrels each. M. L. Requa director of the oil division of the fuel administration declared in a speech at Cooper Union, New York last Monday night. If the American people had not complied with the fuel administration's request, he added, the ten cargoes could not have gone forward.

The oil administrator presented an array of interesting figures on oil production and consumption upon which the request for gasoline conservation based and voiced the opinion that more gasoline had to be saved if a scarcity was to be averted. He said:

"We will need this year to meet only a normal increase in consumption not less than 25,000,000 barrels of crude oil more than last year. We used more than 16,000,000 barrels in 1897. This grew to 166,000,000 barrels in 1907. If we are to meet the normal rate of growth we must have not less than 365,000,000 barrels in 1918. This is 66 per cent of the total production of [illegible] and yet is not enough. [illegible] the first half of 1918 our [illegible] line production has increased more than 8,000,000 barrels, but our consumption has more than kept pace with this. Our stocks of kerosene are 2,000,000 barrels less than on the first of this year and our stocks of crude oil are 12,000,000 barrels less.

"All demands for export will continue to be met from the 350,000,000 barrels of crude oil, the 80,000,000 barrels of kerosene and the 170,000,000 barrels of fuel oil that will probably be produced this year."

The 500,000 barrels thus exported, he said, was equivalent to 20,000,000 gallons, which represented an approximation of the saving accomplished by the autoless Sunday.

How Heinie Got His Furlough.—British officers on the French front are telling a story about a lanky good-natured Australian who brought in a band of prisoners. He noticed all were happy but one. He told the prisoner who spoke English to ask the sullen "Heinie" what he was grouchy about.

The solemn one said he was blue because he was to go on leave the next day and wanted to see his wife and children.

"Oh," drawled the Australian, "Is that what's ailing him? Well it is tough luck to be caught on the eve of a furlough.

"I guess the British government won't fret itself over a humble Fritz, seeing the huntin's been so good of late. Tell your gloomy friend to beat it while the goin's good and not to linger before I change my mind."

Bystanders say they could scarcely see that Heinie through the dust his lightning quick feet were ma...ng.

Surgeon General Gorgas, head of the health department of the United States army, retired this week, having reached the age for retirement. He is succeeded by Major Merritt W. Ireland, who for some time past has been chief surgeon of the American expeditionary forces in France.

DOUGHBOYS BRINGING UP THEIR MACHINE GUNS

American infantrymen attached to a machine-gun battalion of the First division passing through a French village en route to the front. The First division is one of those that are being used in the allies' great offensive against the Huns.

SOLDIERED WITH PERSHING

Story of a Grizzled Old Veteran at Camp Sevier.

THINKS BLACK JACK GREAT LEADER

Interesting Light On the Expedition In Search of Villa—Had the Slick Old Bandit Surrounded and Could Have Caught Him; But for Reasons That It Is Not the Soldier's Business to Know, Let Him Go.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Correspondence of The Yorkville Enquirer

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., September 25.—In the person of an old veteran of more than twenty years' service in the United States army, whom I ran across the other day, I found a man who formerly soldiered under General Pershing, the leader of our boys over there, and who has more than a speaking acquaintance with the great American chieftain. At one time this soldier of whom I write, was sergeant of the guard around General Pershing's quarters. He was with "Black Jack," when he was in Mexico after Villa some years ago, at the time that gentleman got a little obstreperous and it became necessary to teach him a thing or two regarding the power and prestige of the United States. I shall not give this soldier's name in this story. His name doesn't matter. Until a few months ago he was a quartermaster sergeant, senior grade. Now he is a second lieutenant and not the best pleased with his promotion, because, from a financial standpoint, he is not so well off as he was when an enlisted man.

That works this way: A quartermaster sergeant of the senior grade receives $81 per month. In addition to that he is entitled to an increase of several dollars per month in his pay for each re-enlistment. Having done several "hitches," the re-enlistment pay of this officer brought his monthly pay to something over $100. Besides that, while he was an enlisted man he received his board and his clothes free of charge, and his dental work and medical attention were also gratis. As a second lieutenant he now received about $144 per month. Out of this he has to pay for board, clothing and other incidentals that were formerly furnished at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Since the army is his "game," as he says—that is, his life work—he naturally looks after the financial end of it too, and he calculates that now since he is wearing the black and gold hat cord and the gold shoulder bars of a second lieutenant, he is skinning himself out of $35 per month.

A most interesting character is this officer of whom I write. He is 47 [illegible] eyes are clearer, his stride is firmer, his muscles are harder and at the same time more supple and powerful today than are mine. There is no part of this army game that he does not know. He has been a doughboy, has soldiered in the artillery and the cavalry. He is a "shark" on army paper work, and he has army regulations at his finger tips. He can get in the kitchen and cook a better meal than can the majority of lads who have begun to learn to cook since the country went to war. No matter what it is, this man can do it. Naturally so, when the "army is my game."

His face is rough and tanned and his hands are big and tough and much resemble picnic hams, yet he writes a most beautiful Spencerian hand and should he decide to take up some "game" other than the army when the present show is over, he could command a handsome income as an instructor in penmanship.

There are comparatively few gray hairs in his head and he could easily pass almost anywhere for a man of 35 or younger. The wonderful physical training he has received through twenty years' service in the greatest army in the world is responsible for that. He gives his men a spiel like this:

"You fellows, the majority of you have some other game than the army to play for a living. You are in the army because your country needs you to help in whipping hell out of them Huns. While you are in the army you are to be a regular. There are certain rules and regulations governing the conduct and management of the army. You got to live up to 'em. I got to live up to 'em Everybody has got to do it. All I want you to do is to watch them rules and keep on the right side of 'em. I'm your commanding officer, but I am a man and I have been a buck private and if it were not for certain circumstances I might be now. I'll meet any of you lads fifty-fifty all the time."

That's the line of talk this old regular puts up and already he is developing a wonderful spirit of happiness and contentment among his men. "He's a hard old geezer," they say, in discussing him among themselves, and then they add: "but he's fair and on the level, ain't he?"

This is by way of introduction to a little story I thought I would write about this old timer and General Pershing. He was in a talkative mood the other night and he started to talking of his old soldiering days. He had no idea that a part of his conversation would ever get in print and it might be he would bawl me out if he should ever see this story. However he doesn't know me from the ace of spades, or that I write occasional newspaper stories, so I do not worry.

General Pershing's name was mentioned during the conversation some way or other, and to the astonishment of all of us the usually reticent old veteran suddenly grew enthusiastically reminiscent. "I know General Pershing," he said, "and a fine man and a great commander he is. Of course a great many articles that are now being published about the American chief are more or less rot; but too much cannot be said about his efficiency or ability.

"I was with the general on that little business trip down in Mexico when that rough-neck Villa got gay. We didn't get him. No. But don't you think we couldn't have got him. Fact is we had him surrounded when we received order to fall back. I don't know about the whys or wherefores. I know we got them orders and we let the dirty scum go.

"I was sergeant of the guard around General Pershing's headquarters on that never to be forgotten trip. I had soldiered with him before; but on that punitive expedition I had a better chance to see and observe him. He is a very nervous kind of man and a regular demon for work. He never keeps still, but when you are called to his office for interrogation or conference and are standing at attention, he is walking up and down the room all the time. The only time he is still is when he is at his desk engaged on some paper work or something of that kind, and he doesn't do much of that.

"I guess I know quite a bit about General Pershing, in fact a darn sight more than the average American, and I am mighty proud that I do. I had a recommendation, one of them, 'To Whom It May Concern' affairs, which was given me by the general.

"When I took my examination for a commission I attached his letter with it, thinking surely that I would get it back.

"It got lost somewhere."

"Hate it?"

"Why I would rather have back General Pershing's letter than to have my darned commission."

Jas. D. Grist.

SPANISH INFLUENZA.

The Same Old Disease Under a New Name.

The epidemic which has been given the name of Spanish influenza and which seems to have spread over a considerable portion of the European continent, has made its appearance among passengers on transatlantic steamers arriving in New York. These patients began to arrive some months ago, and since that time the health officer of the port has kept in close touch with the situation. Some of the cases which attracted the most attention occurred on the Norwegian liner Bargensfjord, which arrived in New York after having had more than 200 cases of sickness and four deaths during the voyage. Eleven sick passengers were transferred immediately to the Norwegian hospital in Brooklyn, and the clinical history of those cases was observed by Dr. Edward E. Cornwall in whose service they were placed.

The history of these cases, says the New York Medical Journal, including as it does the blood count and bacteriological studies, indicates that these particular cases, at least, did not differ materially from the classical influenza already well known in this country. In a letter, Dr. Fernandez Ybarra, who has recently returned from a nine months' stay in Spain, where he had an opportunity to observe the epidemic in Madrid, agrees that the disease does not differ materially from the grippe or epidemic bronchitis, and is of the opinion that its spread in Spain was due to the unhygienic conditions found in that country, where little attention seems to be paid to the ordinary rules of hygiene.

Four patients, writes Dr. Cornwall, entered the hospital with histories, symptoms and physical signs which suggested influenza, and seven of them with histories, symptoms and physical signs which suggested pneumonia complicating influenza. One of the patients, who entered the hospital with a temperature of nearly 106 deg. F. and signs of pulmonary edema, died two hours after admission. Another, who had signs of consolidation involving nearly the entire right lung, showed progressive weakening of the heart, and died on the third day after admission. A third, with consolidation involving the right upper and left lower lobes, died on the third day after admission. At the present time, August 19, 1918, all the remaining cases are either frankly convalescent or are progressing favorably.

One of the patients who entered the hospital with a diagnosis of influenza, gave the following history: Five days before admission he had a moderate chill and felt chilly for two days after. He also felt very weak, had a poor appetite and suffered from a frontal headache. He did not go to bed until one day before admission, when he felt too weak to keep up. Shortly after going to bed he had another moderate chill. This patient states that ten years ago, when in the United States, he had an attack of sickness with symptoms almost exactly the same as those of the present attack, except that the headache was not so much frontal as lateral.

Meanwhile, with Spanish influenza cases coming in on and off, there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether the illness is really a true influenza, with conflicting statements passing to and fro. It seems the likely conclusion that some of the cases were influenza and others supposed to be were not.—New York World.

Mending for the Soldiers.—Real, red-blooded Americanism is athrob in the heart of every woman in the Piedmont, as is evidenced by the fact that on Saturday alone at Camp Sevier the conservation and reclamation division received offers to repair 53,000 more pairs of hose than were on hand at the time. For the past week hundreds of garments have been shipped to the various Red Cross chapters throughout the Piedmont and indications are that there will be no let up until every garment has been repaired.

The response of the Red Cross chapters to the appeal sent out several weeks ago to assist in the repairing of soldier clothes has been most gratifying to the Camp Sevier reclamation officer. Each day has seen an increased number of orders for goods to repair until Saturday when it was impossible to fill all orders. However, every one will be given an opportunity to participate in the work as more garments will be shipped at once. Word received from every town where Camp Sevier goods have been sent for repair is that young and old alike are entering into the task with enthusiasm that has not been witnessed since the days of '65. In almost every home from the red hills of Newberry to the North Carolina line deft fingers and willing hearts are now mending socks, shirts and sweaters for the boys who wear the khaki.—J. D. G.

MOTHERS MAKE GAS MASKS

Work That Calls for the Most Scrupulous Care.

LEAK OF GAS MAY CAUSE DEATH

Devoted Women Have the Whole Thing Under Their Personal Supervision, and Do It With a Feeling That the Least Mistake Might Mean Death to Some Loved One.

Realism pervades the United States gas defence plant at Long Island City. The visitor sees in the workers the mothers, wives and sisters of the men in active service who grip the consciousness, the women who sit quietly at their work making gas masks to save the lives of the boys over there, their own and other women's sons, husbands, brothers or sweethearts. It is the spirit behind the workers that holds and fascinates.

This great wartime factory has grown up in an emergency to combat the German gas attacks. Its grimness extends from the receiving rooms, where all material is inspected before acceptance for use, through each department, following every operation until the gas mask is completed; the experimental gas chamber, where men in khaki tests makes under concentrated gas charges; the military guard and the medical rooms, where the industrial army is kept physically fit. Realism is in the face of the workers who bend over the benches and machines, speeding their fingers to increased production; it looks from the eyes of the women in the final inspection division, to whom falls the responsibility of passing the finished mask for shipment to the soldiers on the firing line—for a leak may mean fatality.

To Safeguard Their Own.

Any carelessness may result in broken fabric that means a gassed fighter. The women workers have known this, and the consciousness of it adds sensitiveness to their touch and keenness to their sight as they assemble the parts of the mask or inspect it when completed. The visitor learns that most every woman in the gas defence plant has a son, a brother or a husband in service; a large percentage of whom are brides of men who have gone to France.

Mrs. Elizabeth McArdle, in the check inspection department, has four sons in the army and navy. Miss E. Doyle, working in the final inspection of the masks, has four brothers in the Canadian Army. Mrs. Betty Ringgold of Forest Hill took up the work when her son went to France, and she has been advanced from an operator to a forewoman in the gauge department. Mrs. Christina Schubert of Brookland has an eighteen-year-old son in the Marine Corps.

There are men and women here whose names are known in the world of art and letters. Before the war many of the operators or department managers could be found at the clubs, in the art studios, holding positions of importance in various industries and professions.

Charles A. MacLellan, illustrator, the man who does the humorous, red-haired boy cover for the Saturday Evening Post; Martin M. Branner, an advertising illustrator; Rankin (Private 'Doc" Rankin, of the military personnel), whose works have decorated the pages of national publications; H. J. Fleming illustrator—these are a few of the familiar names picked from the groups at the gas defense factories. Gardener White, sergeant in charge of the military personnel, and a noted amateur golfer, also is there.

Several prominent artists' daughters are working at the machines, as well as the daughters of two railroad presidents. These young women are intensely interested in their work, and skill in production is the one qualification for distinction in the rank and file of the mask builders.

But There is Something Else.

But sentiment and courage cannot keep the factory running, supply machines, raw stock, light heat and power—an essential is money that the American people lends to the Government to pay the bills; it is the American dollars put into Liberty bonds that makes the wheels run smoothly, that turns out gas masks to save the lives of our men on the firing line. Without money little can be accomplished toward winning the war.

Through the Liberty Loan the war workers at the gas defense plant are rendering double service to their country. If asked about the war in the third campaign, or what their plans are for the fourth loan, their answer is simply: "We did the best we could; we will try to do as well in the next loan."

The records of the Liberty bond booth show that $460,000 in Liberty Loan coupon books were pledged by the employees of the gas mask plant in the Third Liberty loan—almost half a million dollars, loaned to the Government by a few thousand men and women; and by the end of August more than $60,000 had been paid on the bonds subscribed. Between $600 and $1,000 is collected every day at the bond booth.

Corp. Hiram Tompkins, formely of the foreign exchange department of the Guarantee Trust company, treasurer of the war activities of the plant, predicts a brisk campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

"We aimed to raise $200,000 in the third compaign," he said, "and we turned in $460,000. That speaks well for what we will do in the next loan, but we do not like to talk about it now; we prefer to act when the time comes."

George Dobleer won the Liberty loan marathon race in Chicago last Sunday, going the full distance, 20 miles, 385 yards, in 3 hours, 15 minutes and 5 seconds. There were fourteen starters in the race and eight of them went the distance.

Dozens of non-commissioned officers and men of General Boehm's army have been shot, following an attempt at revolt, according to advices from the Swiss border. Von Boehm's army has been severely battered in the present offensive operations of the Allies.